


# Psalm 129

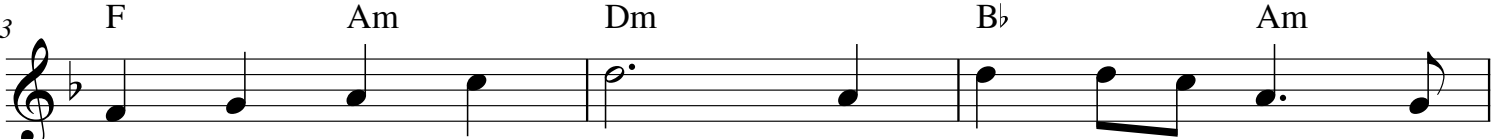
Opressors torment us from youth

*Verse*



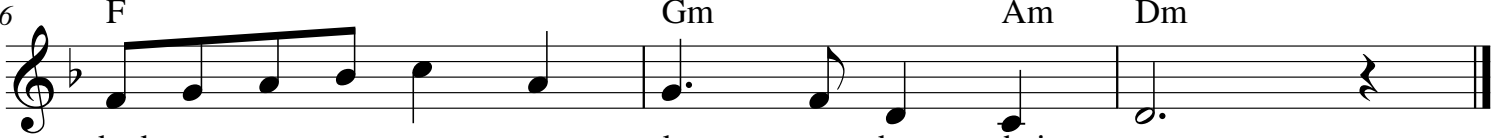
Op - pres - sors tor - ment us \_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_ youth, the  
They dragged their plow a - cross \_\_\_\_ our \_\_\_\_ backs, re -  
Let ev - 'ry foe be put \_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_ shame, may  
May all their har - vest burn \_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_ ash that

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ho - ly peo - ple say; our whole life \_\_\_\_ long, they  
- op - en - ing our wounds, and yet God \_\_\_\_ came to  
God hold Zi - on fast. Let scor - ching \_\_\_\_ heat set  
crum - bles in their hand. Since they re - fuse to

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bad - ger \_\_\_\_ us, yet do not have their way.  
help \_\_\_\_ us \_\_\_\_ all, to save us from the tomb.  
roofs \_\_\_\_ a - blaze, ig - ni - ting fields of grass.  
wish \_\_\_\_ us \_\_\_\_ well, their hopes will turn to sand.